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## THE ETHICS OF PRIDE.

Of the seven deadly sins, perhaps the most universal is Pride. It has been called the child of Ignorance; and as ignorance walks always in darkness, and therefore in danger, the probability of pride getting a fall is proverbial. It is wonderful on how small an amount of sustenance pride often subsists, how infinitesimal is its taproot. Like the old lady who mended stockings with such perennial assiduity that at last she darned upon nothing as a substratum; so those who have little or nothing to be proud of in their lives lay a substratum of pride, and proceed to be proud—of being proud.

But although every one allows pride to be a sin, and a deadly one, very few will be found to resent the imputation of indulging in it. Why is this? Perhaps few allow it as the offspring of ignorance, yielding it a more powerful parentage. And as the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman, they perhaps regard his especial vice as, at least, a gentlemanly one. Certain it is that pride has a profound fascination for two classes of minds: for those, namely, who are deficient in courage and in judgment. Those who are deficient in courage admire the audacity that dares to be proud and show its pride; while those who are deficient in judgment imagine a proud man conscious of his intrinsic worth, and therefore proud of it. This of course is an error of judgment; for oftentimes the really mean man, the man conscious of his own meanness, assumes the port and armour of pride just to conceal the feebleness of his deservings. Moreover, proud men, men of whom it might well be asked, why, in the name of Glory, they were proud, have been known to plan and execute the most treacherous, mean, and cowardly murders, in order to prevent a member of their family forming an alliance distasteful to their family pride. Thus, the two brothers 'with their murdered man' rode past fair Florence, their pale faces intent on taking their destined victim at a double disadvantage; and

so, to preserve their pride of race and ancestry, they 'damned themselves to everlasting infamy.' Thus pride and meanness but too often go hand in hand; and the man who for long years has had a subordinate place, has been compelled to yield precedence, and if he has been mean as well as proud, has been a sycophant as well as a subordinate, will, when opportunity offers, take a prideful revenge on those whom most he has formerly flattered. We may be sure that Goneril and Regan would not have treated the 'old kind king' with such disdainful cruelty, had they not first fawned on him with such servile adulation.

But pride is of many species, and bewrays itself, or exposes itself, or fantastically disports itself, in a thousand protean shapes. Now it pours transparent contempt on that which secretly it covets, as in the case of the would-be Lord Mayor, who, not being elected, discovered his chagrin by declaring, with unnecessary candour, that 'for his part he would rather wear the white robe of righteousness than the red rag of office.' Or it exposes itself to a pitying derision, when, as in the apologue of the cobbler's dog, it prefers to be crushed rather than move out of the way. Or it fantastically disports itself, adorned with infinite pains and trouble, in the latest fashion, to 'astonish the Browns,' or win a stare from a casual passer in the Park; and flatters itself that, like Mr Bob Cratchit, junior, it 'is not pride, although his collars nearly choke him.'

Some are proud of their diamonds; yet, if the deeds that have darkened the struggle for their possession could be written legibly on their facets, their owners would shrink from them with horror. Have not the finest and largest been the incentives to the vilest crimes? Eyes that have gloated on them in Eastern lands have been torn from their sockets by rapacious wretches eager to obtain a transitory possession of the enthralling baubles; while in the West, a Countess, subdued by the fascination of their glitter, has stolen them, hoarded them for years, to wear

them for one evening, have her guilt detected, and die, a broken-hearted exile from her native land, leaving a legacy of shame to her children's children. In the hands of a crazy Cardinal they were powerful enough to half ruin the reputation of a hapless Queen. In short, if they were but as ugly as they are intrinsically useless, or if their power to awaken evil passions were only as patent in its effects as are those of other stimulants to vanity and self-love, instead of being sources of pride, they would be no more regarded than the carbon of which they are composed.

Possibly it is true that no man is a hero to his valet; and this not because the hero is not heroic on a near view, or because the valet is valetish; but, at anyrate, if we cannot or can hardly be heroes to those about us, we wish to be heroes to ourselves; for all the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes, says the proverb; and so pride is about the last hindrance to common-sense which a man is willing to surrender. For instance, it is with difficulty that he will own that he is not so well off as he was: his pride is reluctant to confess itself in any way beaten in the race of life; so, instead of quietly acknowledging and acting upon the fact of narrower means, there pass years of a wretched compromise with conscience, ending very likely in a poverty which a timely retrenchment might have parried; or in disgrace, and sometimes in suicide.

There are many too proud to wait on themselves, who nourish a Spanish pride in laziness, to whom 'anything menial'—that is, done with the hands—is anathema maranatha; and again there are others too proud willingly to let others do for them what they can do for themselves. To these last, the weakness of disease or of old age is a very bitter draught; so bitter, that here and there one will throw aside the cup of life altogether rather than submit—not to weariness and pain so much as to the sense of personal humiliation and degradation. How many a man, alone, aged, and infirm, has had the thought to which Carlyle in his lonely old age gave utterance: 'What I want is a mother!' To no one else but to the one whose arms cradled him in infancy could the once strong, proud man, the now weak but still proud man, confide the bitterness of his old age and infirmities.

Pride of birth and of blood, when a race is renowned for virtue as well as antiquity, is a pride few will quarrel with; nevertheless, it behoves one endowed with such advantages to beware that he is not remarked for his degeneracy. Pride of intellect, too, is one freely admitted, perhaps because all know the brittleness of the foundation: a fever, an accident, a knock on the head even, and the towering intellect is on a level with the lowest. It is, moreover, the use that has been made of the power in its strength that entitles a man of genius to the consideration of his fellow-men.

But there is a pride that can dispense with the help of ancestry. Napoleon I. was too proud to care whence he came; his exaggerated egotism swallowed a kingdom, and, like Louis XIV., gave it out again as himself: 'L'état, c'est moi.' A genealogical tree, however far-reaching, scarcely sufficed to bring its owner up to his level. Again, the swelling personal haughtiness of a Wolsey needed no pride of race to place the butcher's son before his master; even though that master was a king, he must come after His Eminence; and the superscription of the medal must run, 'Ego et rex meus.'

As for a man whose pride is in his money-bags, who worships a golden idol—why, as

Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,

as he cannot take his treasure with him, we hardly grudge him his miser's joy, knowing it to be miserable. Personal adornment—to go fine—is, after all, but a peacock sort of pride. Stars and Garters, Orders and Crosses, are but horses' bells, which the animal pines for because they have been given him by his master, man; and some men there are to whose happiness they would not add, for they do not own a master—on earth.

But if pride of laziness be ignoble, and pride of wealth be, as Dr Johnson called it, 'a wretched thing,' and pride in trifles—such as Cardinal Chigi's pride in making a pen last three years—be trivial, there is another kind of pride that is neither ignoble, nor wretched, nor trivial, and this is the pride of usefulness. It is not so much a question whether the thing to be done is a great thing: it does not fall to the lot of many of us to do great things, perhaps; it may be only a rick to be thatched; it may be a great business to be successfully carried on. But whatever it is, if good true work be put in it, a man has a right to be proud, modestly proud of it; and if it be successful, he has a right to the self-reliance, the self-confidence, which are the legitimate fruits of his exertions. This noble pride is the twin-brother of Self-respect; it will never permit him to be arrogant to a subordinate, still less will it allow him to think unfairly or ungenerously of one above him; for by so doing he would spoil his nobler soul. This is the pride that will not allow a man to tell or act a lie; to slander, nor listen to a backbiter. It is as far removed from the cold patrician pride of a Coriolanus as it is from the spiritual pride of a Thomas à Becket. Of all the prides, this last, spiritual pride, is the most dangerous; and for this reason—no man, even the proudest, can quite forget that a cold 'Hic jacet' is the destined epitaph on all his pride and power, his pomp and circumstance. But the spiritually proud, the self-elected saint alone ventures on a 'resurgam' for his pride—it does not find a resting-place even in the grave.

We have said that people with little else to be proud of will grow proud of their own pride. We will conclude with an anecdote illustrative of this curious tendency in the human mind to exalt pride for its own sake. 'People say,' said

a lad at Eton to his haughty and rebellious fag—'people say, "As proud as Lucifer;" but if Lucifer was half as proud as you, he'd have something to be proud of.'

# A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.\*

## CHAPTER III.—DREW, DAWLISH, AND DRUMLY.

FERRERS walked away in a whirl of pleasant feeling. He put his hand into his pocket: it was long since—and it had not been often—he had felt the crisp touch of a bank-note. As he strode along, scarce knowing where he went, he thought he would like to smoke. He was tired of the old clay he carried in his pocket. He had money: he would buy a new pipe. He threw his clay away and adventured into a tobacconist's. It was only when he was in that he remembered it would be next to impossible for him to change a five-pound note that night in the region he frequented. He bought a pipe, however, nominally a briar, which was within the range of his remaining cash, and continued on his way. He wandered on; in his exaltation, not quite perceiving where he was. It was still tolerably early, and many shops were still open. In passing a cheesemonger and buttermilk he remembered that he had no butter for breakfast. He had his foot within the shop before he discovered that he had only twopence in his pocket. He thought, 'I can get two ounces'—a quantity he had often heard asked for in his Soho region.

'Two ounces of your best fresh,' said he, walking up to the counter.

'We don't make two ounces,' said the young man, looking at him suspiciously.

'Don't you?' said Ferrers, and with a blush he was ready to turn away when he remembered Lord Debreth's advice: 'You must come the old soldier; you must bounce.'

'Then,' said he, recovering himself, 'weigh me a quarter of a pound.'

The shopman weighed that quantity, placed it on paper, and was about to wrap it up, when Ferrers proffered a request. 'Will you be so good as lend me a knife?' quoth he.

'Certainly,' said the shopman, handing him a formidable carver.

'Allow me,' said Ferrers, and drew the butter towards him. In a second he had cut the quarter in two with the knife, put the one part back on the scale and wrapped the other in the paper.

'Just to show you how to make two ounces,' he added, putting down his money and striding leisurely out under the astonished stare of the shopman.

The complete success of his device surprised and amused him. 'That,' he thought, 'is evidently the way to do it. Don't make a fuss, but don't be put down. I see.'

So he marched away to Soho in a meditative mood. He had not yet had time to take in completely that which had happened to him. He was to call himself 'William Dawlish' and to appear as a gentleman. What could that mean? That he was going to be adopted by Sir William? Scarcely. The grinning baronet was not the man to have generous impulses of that sort. He was

—unconsciously, he supposed—to perform some service—of an important kind, or else the baronet would not have offered him so much money and would not have been so secret. There was a lady concerned. He wondered what that might mean. Was she young or old or middle-aged? Was she maid, wife, or widow? He perceived, however, that if he indulged in such speculations on every hand he would probably spoil his business. He resolved that he would keep his mind—for the present at least—off these things, and set himself to execute to the best of his ability the purpose for which he had been engaged.

'Call yourself William Dawlish, and behave as "sech." That's all.' Yes; that was all. He had got but a line or two by way of a sketch, and he had to fill in a complete picture. Well, the best and the most he could arrange now was to keep his head cool and his wits awake and to tackle difficulties as they arose. So he went to bed and to sleep.

When he woke in the morning he reflected: 'Yes; I'm William Dawlish, and I must behave as "sech."'

William Dawlish, it was clear, must be quickly cut off from the associations of George Ferrers. So, when he had eaten his breakfast, he called his landlady and told her that he must go away at once. She was sorry: he had been such a 'nice quiet gentleman.' He owed the old woman nothing—his room being paid for—but he felt something was due to her for her expressions of politeness. He asked her to get him his five-pound note changed, the more readily that in his experience such a document could not be cashed either at shop or public-house without the portentous formality of putting your name and address on the back. She brought him the change, and he begged her to accept a shilling.

'Oh, thank you, sir,' said she, with a little duck of her person, which was rather like the memory of a curtsy than a curtsy itself.

With such deference paid him, Ferrers felt as if he were already William Dawlish, though still in the dingy garret in Soho. He said, 'Not at all,' and began packing away his belongings in his carpet-bag. That occupation accomplished, he said 'Good-bye' to his landlady and descended the stairs. As he was departing from the doorstep, he gave a quick glance back at the house, asking himself of a sudden whether that was the end of his poverty, or whether he might have to return to the frowsy garret he had left, or at least to another like it. Of course, he would prefer not to return; but if it were decreed that he should—well, he was not going to worry. Fortune's buffets and caresses he could bear with the same equal mind.

He had resolved what he would do first. He must array himself like a gentleman, and he had in his mind's eye how his friend Lord Debreth dressed. Sir William expected him to appear at twelve o'clock with a goodly portmanteau, in which he meant, no doubt, that there should be a goodly store of proper clothing. He could not get an outfit and a portmanteau with five pounds; but he knew of a well-filled shop in a quiet street where misfits from fashionable tailors were sold at a reasonable price, and where, he believed, he might buy at once a proper suit to stand up in and also a sufficient portmanteau. Now, what

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kind of suit should be his first? Sir William had abstained from explanations and directions; but was it not plain he desired him to appear as if fresh from a journey? On entering, therefore, the shop of misfits, he demanded a travelling suit of serge or tweed. He tried several, for, being a tall fellow, he was not easy to fit. At length he decided on a fine serge, which he asked to be allowed to put on. Before, however, withdrawing to the back-room pointed out to him as the place where he might effect a change, he turned to the shopman. 'I want a portmanteau,' said he; 'large and good, but not too new. You have such things, haven't you?'

'Oh, yessir,' said the man.—'Now, here's a fine solid-leather article; we bought it of a gentleman going to India. That ought to suit you to a "T."'

'Yes,' said Ferrers. 'But here's another that will do for me, I think.' He had determined on it because it bore two large initials, 'W. B.'—the latter of which he saw at once could be readily changed into a 'D.'

'Yessir,' said the man, 'that's a very serviceable article; but it's not so good as this.'

'It will suit me very well,' replied Ferrers, 'if you will get that "B" changed into "D." Rub that middle bit out and round off the back. Can you do that at once?'

'Oh, yessir.'

Ferrers withdrew to the little back-room to change his clothes. That done, he put his head out and demanded a new hat—a brown one, round and of hard felt.

'Is that portmanteau ready?' he asked.

It was—almost. When it was, he requested it to be set down in the little room.

'I want to put in these things I've taken off,' said he.

He not only folded in the things he had taken off, but also crammed in his carpet-bag and all its contents, thinking that simplified matters a little. Then it occurred to him that, since he was supposed to have made a journey, he ought to be provided with some sort of overcoat. He had not, however, sufficient money left for that; so he had reluctantly to forego so complete a presentation of his part as he thought he ought to make.

'I ought really,' he also thought to himself, 'to take a cab from some station, and there should be labels on my portmanteau; but I suppose these things can't matter.'

A hansom was called for him, his portmanteau was hoisted up, and he got in, saying to the driver: 'Drew, Dawlish, and Drumly's Bank in Lombard Street.'

When the bank was reached, he told cabby to wait, and descended to undergo his first ordeal. He remembered that Sir William had said with a grin that he might be 'detained' at the bank; and with, it must be confessed, a curious heave of feeling that passed from his ample chest down to somewhere about the second button of his waistcoat, he wondered what was going to happen. He was not afraid; but he thought, 'What if the whole thing should end here? What if somebody should say, "You're an impostor!" and send for the police?' And with a glance back at the cab, he wished he had taken it from some station; for would it not betray him if cabby

were questioned and answered truly where he had driven from?

He entered the bank as carelessly as he could, and walked up to a part of the counter whence he saw the word 'Cashier' staring roundly. He took out his purse to produce the cheque, and was at once smitten with chagrin to think that his little purse looked shabby, and that the cheque should have been taken from a well-filled pocket-book with gilt initials or monogram on the back. He was relieved to note that nobody seemed to remark from what he took the cheque, that no one took any notice of him till he leaned on the counter and drummed with his fingers. Then a bald-headed man—a disconcerting man, who looked at him as if he had known his father and grandfather and remembered all the peccadilloes of his youth—looked round from a desk where he sat over an enormous book, and held out his hand without a word. Ferrers gave him the cheque. He looked at it on the front, glanced at its blank back, and then got down from his stool and looked straight at Ferrers. 'Mr Dawlish?' said he in a sepulchral voice of inquiry.

Ferrers inclined his head a little, scarce knowing what to do.

'Will you wait a moment, please, Mr Dawlish?' said the man, and disappeared.

What next? thought Ferrers, with another flutter beneath his waistcoat. He looked about him, curled his fine moustaches, and tried to look unconscious of evil. Presently he became aware that some one was looking at him very hard through a glass partition a little way off. What now? He was surprised by the appearance, through a door in the glass partition, of a good-humoured, dapper, little old gentleman, who came straight up to him with a winning smile and the inquiry he had already heard from the bald-headed man—'Mr Dawlish?'

Again Ferrers bowed in reply—this time a little more resolutely.

'Dear me!' said the little gentleman, looking his stalwart person up and down. 'And how are you?' he asked heartily, extending his hand, which Ferrers took and gripped. 'Dear me!' he exclaimed again, glancing at his soft white hand, when released from Ferrers' vice. 'Will you step into this room?'

'Will you walk into my parlour?' thought Ferrers with a new sinking of heart.

'I wish I knew,' he said to himself, 'whether there's a real William Dawlish—and what he is and what he's like!'

He entered the back parlour with the dapper little gentleman, and found himself face to face with another person, who looked so ugly and surly, so silent, so watchful, and so overgrown with hair, that it was difficult to decide at a glance whether he was an old man or a gray gorilla.

'He must be the spider!' thought Ferrers. 'Now for it! But he'll find me a big fly to tackle!'

'My partner, Mr Drumly,' said the dapper little gentleman with a flourish of his white hand. 'And I'm Mr Drew, at your service. Be seated.'

Mr Drumly said nothing, but looked a great deal from under his shaggy brows. Ferrers sat



in an attitude of expectation, determined not to commit himself.

'I hope, Mr Dawlish,' said Mr Drew, a little uneasily, 'that we're not detaining you?'

'My cab's waiting,' said Ferrers; 'but that's of no consequence.'

'The fact is,' said Mr Drew, in a little burst of confidence, 'that Sir William has overdrawn a leetle bit, and the cashier brought your cheque to us.'

'I'm sorry,' said Ferrers, 'that it's not all right.'

'Not at all,' said Mr Drew; 'we'll make it all right. Glad on the whole that it has happened, since it has introduced us to you.'

'Is Sir William very well?' asked Mr Drumly, speaking for the first time, and in a voice that sounded to Ferrers like the buzz of a blue-bottle in the toils of a spider.

'As far as I know,' answered Ferrers.

'You are looking well,' came from Mr Drumly, and there was a lifting of the heavy gorilla brows that seemed to suggest that a smile was hid somewhere under the abundant hair.

'Thank you,' said Ferrers; 'I am well.'

'Mr Drumly, you know,' said Mr Drew, with an indulgent smile towards his partner, 'goes in for Health; he believes in it; it's a creed, a hobby, with him.'

'Health,' said Mr Drumly, and the buzzing of his voice was then very loud indeed, 'is everything. It is better than Wealth; it is better than Rank. With Health a man may do anything; and with *fine* Health'—

'And Honesty,' suggested Drew (while Ferrers wondered if there was any suspicion of his honesty).

'And Honesty,' continued Drumly, accepting the suggestion with a little gruffness, 'a man is the most god-like creature under the sun.'

'He is; he is,' said Mr Drew, looking at Ferrers with approval, and running his eye up and down his stalwart person.

Ferrers stretched out his long legs, leaned back in his chair, and expanded his chest, to give the full effect of himself.

'Yes; a healthy man that has a fine, well-grown figure and an honest heart,' repeated Mr Drumly, 'is the Royalty of Manhood.'

'Like Saul, you know,' said Mr Drew.

Ferrers forgot who Saul was, but he wondered if he had an honest heart; he scarcely felt as if he had, in the presence of these flattering old gentlemen.

'I suppose so,' said he, by way of saying something.

'You appear,' said Mr Drew, smiling, 'to take your fine health now as a matter of course.'

Ferrers took alarm; had he been playing his part improperly?

'Well,' said he, 'you see I've had good health so long that I—I forget'—

'That's only as it should be,' said Mr Drew.

'But you were very queer before you went away, were you not?'

'Yes,' said Ferrers, 'I suppose I was; I dare say I was.'

'But don't you remember?' insisted Mr Drew.

'It is likely he doesn't,' said Mr Drumly. 'Why should he? You forget, Mr Drew.'

'Ah, yes; to be sure,' said Mr Drew.

What could it be Mr Drew forgot?

'And then,' said Mr Drumly again, 'he's been travelling a long while.'

'Yes, of course,' assented Mr Drew. 'Let's see, Mr Dawlish; how long have you been away altogether?'

'How long?' repeated Ferrers. Yes; how long had he been away? That was a poser! 'Let me see,' he murmured, curling his moustaches in a whirl of perplexity.

'A matter of two years, I should think?' suggested Mr Drew.

'Yes,' said Ferrers, eagerly seizing the suggestion; 'that's about it.'

'And you went straight off to the East, didn't you?'

'Yes,' said Ferrers, pulling his self-possession together; 'to the Mediterranean and the East.'

'Did you happen,' asked Mr Drew, 'to see anything of the Egyptian trouble?'

Now Ferrers felt he must make a direct statement: he must risk it, and let Sir William know what he had said. 'Oh yes,' said he. 'I was in most of it—up the Nile and across the desert with the Desert Column.'

'Were you, indeed?' exclaimed Mr Drew.

'But I thought you had left the army long ago?'

'Ah, yes,' said Ferrers; 'but they let me serve as a volunteer, you know.' There seemed to him nothing for it but a plain falsehood; and being in for it, he continued: 'I was by the side of Lord Debrett all the time.'

They were interested: and they put to him several questions which he was, of course, able from his actual experience to answer sufficiently and categorically. They were clearly pleased with him, and his self-confidence was completely restored.

'I fear,' said Mr Drew at length, 'that we have trespassed terribly on your time. But you will excuse us. We have been very glad to make your acquaintance, and we hope we shall meet again soon.'

'I hope we shall,' said Ferrers heartily: he liked the old men, for he was leaving their presence pleased with himself.

The cash of his cheque had already been placed ready for him, and he took it and departed. He was about to step into the waiting cab, when Mr Drew appeared at his side and hastily laid his hand on his arm. He was invaded by the sudden thought that he was found out.

'Excuse me,' said Mr Drew; 'but will you give me your address? We may want to communicate with you.'

'To be sure,' said Ferrers. He put his hand to this pocket and that. 'I have not a card about me; but Number —, Jermyn Street, will find me for some time.'

'Ah,' said Mr Drew; 'the same address as Sir William's, of course?'

'Yes; the same.'

They repeated their adieus, and Ferrers entered the cab. Seeing that it was already more than half-past eleven, he ordered cabby to drive to Jermyn Street.

He was surprised—almost amazed—with his success. He had not imagined he could have so easily got himself taken for granted as William

Dawlish, and by business men, too, who saw all kinds of people and who must be prone to suspicion. He was inclined to be vain. He admired above all things a gentleman like Lord Debreth, and it very naturally puffed him up to be taken by strangers for that kind of person.

When he arrived at the house in Jermyn Street, he was shown at once into Sir William's sitting-room on the first floor; for it appeared that the baronet had only lodgings there.

'Well,' cried Lord Debreth, who was smoking at the window, 'how have you got on, Ferrers? Have you nobbled the old boys?'

'I think I have,' said Ferrers; and he proceeded to relate, with a subdued glee, how he had been received and entertained with conversation in the bank parlour.

'And didn't they offer you never a drop of their fine City drinks?' asked Lord Debreth.

'Never a drop,' said Ferrers.

'Give him a drink now, Debreth,' said Sir William with a grin. 'He seems to me to deserve it.'

'And remember, if you please, Debreth,' said Ferrers, 'that I was a volunteer in the Soudan.'

There was a knock at the door, and a manservant entered with a note on a tray; it had just come, he said, by hand. Sir William passed it on to Ferrers with a snigger.

'For you, I believe,' said he.

It was addressed to 'Wm. Dawlish, Esquire,' and it proved to be a card of invitation to a dance that very night at the house of Mr Drew, in Park Lane. Ferrers handed it back to Sir William.

'That's quick work,' said the baronet. 'I suppose Drew telegraphed home at once to send the invitation.—You must have fetched him,' he remarked, with a certain look of admiration at the Lifeguardsman's good-humoured face. 'You must go. Can you dance?'

'Tolerably,' said Ferrers.

'Ah, well, then,' said Sir William, 'we'll manage.'

### OLD SOUTH-COUNTRY INDUSTRIES.

THE recent discovery of coal in Kent, and the visions it calls up in the minds of the sanguine of a possible transformation of our pleasant, eminently bucolic South Country into the likeness of the pit districts of Durham and Northumberland, reminds us of one of the most remarkable waves of change which have swept over our land during its history—that which transferred its industrial centre from south to north.

To very many people it is news that for many centuries industrial England was almost confined within the limits of Southern England, the western counties of course being included in that designation. There are thousands of people who visit Brighton and Eastbourne and Hastings who have never heard of Sussex iron; just as there are other thousands who would be at a loss to explain the phrase 'Kentish gray-coat.' Yet the Sussex iron industry lasted twenty years after the present century commenced; Kentish woollens were famous at the beginning of the last, and the scale in many a parliamentary election was turned by the votes of the Kentish 'gray-coats.' Nor are these the only south-country industries

of ancient origin which are either dead, or which are reviving after a runaway knock at Death's door. But only two old south-country industries of old date fairly hold their own in spite of northern competition—the Kentish paper industry, and the west-country mining industries.

For some occult reason, and in spite of the general craving for fresh woods and pastures new, the beautiful and interesting county of Sussex is comparatively unexplored by the tourist. Visitors to the coast watering-places or to Tunbridge Wells take drives in the neighbourhoods of these towns; but beyond the radius of the average visitor's drive, the country is absolutely unknown, except to a few who, having unlocked its secrets, keep them sagely, but perhaps selfishly, to themselves. But no man can wander about this *terra incognita* with his eyes open without becoming convinced by sundry signs and tokens that there have been mighty and tolerably recent changes in the world around him. He meets amidst smiling cornfields and tranquil vales place-names which seem utterly out of keeping with the surroundings—names such as Ashburnham, Cinderford, Hammer Pond, and Forgehill. He notes the frequent almost lavish use of iron articles—iron grave-slabs, iron door-steps, and iron fireplace backs. Lastly, he observes amidst quiet agricultural districts, thinly populated and far from large towns, splendid old manor-houses, or remains of manor-houses, such as he can hardly conceive to have been the product even in the best of 'good old days' of mere sales of stock and produce.

He makes inquiries, and he learns for the first time about the once famous Sussex iron industry. He may know his Camden pretty well; but with the interest of entire novelty, he reads the old Elizabethan traveller's remarks about Sussex: 'Full of iron mines it is in sundry places, where, for the making and founding thereof, there be furnaces on every side; and a huge deal of wood is yearly burnt, to which purpose divers brooks in many places are brought to run in one channel, and sundry meadows turned into pools and waters, that they might be of power sufficient to drive the hammer mills which, beating upon the ground, resound all over the places adjoining.'

The Romans founded the Sussex iron industry, remains of their cinder-heaps having been discovered at Westfield and Sedlescomb, not far from Hastings; but, in common with so many other of their institutions in Britain, it seems to have utterly disappeared, not to be revived to any extent until the sixteenth century, although there was iron trade at Lynch, in West Sussex, in 1342; and the oldest specimen of Sussex iron-work dates from the same period. The trade was at its height in the seventeenth century, at which period complaints were frequent about the waste of timber, a circumstance which contributed in no small degree to the final extinction of the industry, although of course the death-blow was dealt by the development of the north-country coal-fields. The last furnace was said to have been blown out at Ashburnham in 1809; but it is discovered that one was in full operation near Rye until 1821.

The metal produced in Sussex at a most extravagant cost of timber for charcoal, and also of

human lives—for the dram-drinking habits of the miners, owing to the facility with which spirits were smuggled from the neighbouring coast, are described to have been terrible—was of very excellent quality. The railings around St Paul's Cathedral were cast at Lamberhurst, which may be considered a Sussex iron centre, although, strictly speaking, it is just over the Kentish border. Here also was a cannon-foundry; but it being discovered that, in spite of frequent warnings, the Lamberhurst people supplied French privateers with guns, the Government withdrew their contracts, and henceforth the famous 'Gloucester Furnace' decayed. There were also cannon-foundries at Heathfield and Buxted, at both of which places the old proof-butts may still be seen, and a large Government charcoal manufactory at Fernhurst, in West Sussex.

Sussex fireplace backs, with their quaint decorations, fetch fancy prices in the curio market; but they are not easily to be obtained; for their owners cling to them with strong affection, and long may they continue to do so. A great many may be seen, particularly in old farmhouses about Midhurst and Warbleton; whilst in the churchyard of Wadhurst alone there are a score of iron grave-slabs.

A few of the old iron-masters' houses may be seen intact; but for the most part they have been incorporated with farm-buildings; and the presence of their stately chimney-stacks, their gables, their mullioned windows, amidst the mean surroundings of depressed agriculture, preaches us a forcible sermon in stones on the mutability of human grandeur.

Of the old Kentish woollen industry, very much fewer relics have come down to us. It originated, like so many other of our national industries, with foreigners, Flemish emigrants commencing it in the reign of Edward III. in that picturesque corner of the county of which Craubrook is the centre. Here, as at Goudhurst and the 'dens,' were large manufactories of peculiar woollen cloths of a gray colour, which were not only popular in England, but were exported in great quantities to the Continent and the East, particularly to Persia, by way of Aleppo, Bagdad, and the Tigris. Queen Elizabeth is said to have walked for a mile upon Kentish gray cloth upon the occasion of one of her southern 'progresses.' Descendants of those Flemings, refugees from the tyranny of Alva and his bloodhounds, imparted a new life during the sixteenth century to poor old Sandwich, which was tottering to its decay from the silting-up of the river Stour, by settling there and making the town a mart for woollens and serges. The revival was not of very long duration; but it was marked enough to leave very palpable traces not only on the buildings and the nomenclature of the town itself, but in the shape of many words, such as 'deek' and 'polder,' which have become incorporated with the local dialect.

Yet again, at Canterbury, foreigners in the shape of French Huguenot refugees settled after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and in the crypt of the cathedral carried on a considerable cloth industry. There are many French names still amongst the inhabitants of Canterbury; and the descendants of the original settlers still worship in what was the workshop of the

latter. But improvements in machinery and local disadvantages drove the Kentish woollen trade to the north, and Craubrook to-day is as empty of stuffs as is Worstead in Norfolk, or Axminster in Devonshire of carpets. Another very prominent Kentish industry, but ancient only in indirect descent, is brick-making. Its pedigree is interesting.

North of old Watling Street, between the towns of Chatham and Faversham, stretches a tract of clay country as far as the rivers Medway and Swale, intersected by innumerable creeks and inlets, almost uninhabited, weird, ugly, and unattractive, which is known partly as 'No-man's Land,' partly as 'the Ma'shes.' Over this tract of country extended a vast series of Roman pottery-works—so considerable, indeed, that to this day the banks of many of the creeks about Upchurch and High Halstow are composed almost entirely of potsherds. The ware made at these towns was of a bluish-brown colour; and as it did not lend itself readily to decoration, was principally used for ordinary domestic utensils. This Upchurch ware, as antiquaries call it, seems to have had a great reputation; for not only have specimens of it been dug up so far off as Wroxeter by the Wrekin, near Shrewsbury, and at Cilurnum or Chollerford, on the line of Hadrian's Wall, but have been found across the Channel. This clay has of quite recent years been found admirable for the making of bricks: within a short time vast brick-fields have been opened, the population almost quadrupled, the aspect of the country, the character of the towns and villagers, completely changed, and bustle and noise replaced solitude and stillness. Something like a parallel suggests itself between the fates which have overtaken the old Roman pottery-masters of the Kentish marshes and the old iron-masters of the Sussex Weald. Evidences of a similar character tell us that each industry brought its promoters wealth; for, just as nowadays we moralise in Sussex over the decayed Elizabethan mansion or the tomb of the long-dead Englishman, so, along the banks of the Medway do we trace the villas of the Roman merchant-princes, and unearth their graves on the hills above or along the course of the great Street. Kentish brick-making has succeeded to Kentish pottery. Perhaps Sussex iron may yet be smelted, but with coke instead of charcoal.

Of paper-making, the most flourishing of all Kentish industries, little need be said. Kentish paper, like the proverbial Scotsman and the Newcastle grindstone, is found all over the world, the reason for its excellence being the abundance of spring-water needing no filtration. Paper-mills have studded the banks of the Cray, the Darent, and the Medway since the reign of Elizabeth, although, strange to say, the manufacture of fine paper in Kent is not much more than a century old, the old Kentish paper being of the coarse brown character.

The essentially Kentish industry, however, that of oyster-breeding, must not be forgotten; for, although it is but a shadow of its former self, owing to the competition of cheap molluscs from abroad, the epicure is still true to his old love, and considers that never does Blue Point or Dutchman approach the original Milton or Whitstable native. The Romans exported these

so-called Rutupian oysters—from the great port of Rutupia or Richborough, whence they were sent—in vast numbers, even to Rome itself; and ever since their day the Kentish native has held its premier position. The Milton and Whitstable dredgers still obey the ancient laws of their corporation, and, like all such communities, are extremely tenacious of their rights and privileges.

The county of Surrey possesses as little of industrial character as any in England; but particular spots in Surrey were once the seats of particular industries which did not spread beyond the limits of these places, and one or two ancient industries still flourish as relics of the by-gone days. For instance, Chiddingfold, now the quietest and dreamiest of old-world villages, once possessed not only iron-foundries but glass manufactories, traces of both of which still exist. Haslemere crape was once very famous. All along the banks of the Wey and the Wandle were, in fact still are, paper and powder mills. At Esher there was a brass-foundry; and Croydon was once the centre of the charcoal-making industry. The two essentially Surrey industries of old origin which still flourish are those of market-gardening and of the cultivation of simples, both said to be legacies from Flemish settlers. Upon the Surrey market-gardens the southern districts of the metropolis depend chiefly for their supply of vegetables and fruit; and the science of raising these in the most economical way has been brought to a high state of perfection. Mitcham is the centre of the simple-growing industry, and the flat country surrounding this old-fashioned town is entirely given up to the cultivation of lavender, poppies, mint, rosemary, chamomile, and recently of tobacco. A Mitcham lavender field in full bloom is a pretty sight; and local enthusiasts prognosticate that the day is not far off when Mitcham tobacco will be as current a trade phrase as Mitcham lavender.

Another old south-country industry which still flourishes on the soil of its birth, or rather of its adoption, is that of straw-plaiting and hat-making. In the counties of Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, and Buckinghamshire, about the towns of St Albans, Hitchin, Luton, Dunstable, Amersham, and Buckingham, women and children may be seen at every cottage door plaiting and weaving in the same homely, domestic way that their ancestors plaited and wove in the days when King James I. planted the industry hereabouts through the Lorrainers he brought from Scotland. Localisation of industries seems to have been characteristic of the south, for we find that at High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, and not beyond a small radius round the town, the manufacture of chairs has been carried on for many years; and one may frequently meet, crossing London Bridge, a string of High Wycombe carts laden with nothing but chairs of the peculiar local type.

Passing through Hampshire and Dorsetshire, we come to Devonshire. Except for mining, Devonshire has no particular claim to be considered an industrial county, yet two old Devonshire industries, those of lace-making and the woollen manufacture, have been more than locally famous. Both of these have been recently

on the verge of extinction; but the woollen manufacture may be considered to owe its salvation to a revived appreciation amongst fashionable circles of west-country tweeds and serges; whilst the preservation of the dainty Honiton lace industry is owing entirely to Devonshire patriotism. Time was when Exeter was the national centre of the woollen trade, and when Totnes serges were famous long before Bradford or Manchester were known. But although the industry has revived and is flourishing, it is only carried on by a few houses in the three towns of Ashburton, North Tawton, and Buckfastleigh.

The utter disappearance of genuine Honiton lace was imminent some ten years ago. The long and minute labour of the human fingers could not compete with the cheap, rapid operations of the marvellous machinery in the Nottingham factories: the number of women who were versed in the old secret of Honiton lace-making began to diminish year by year; and Honiton town itself was already almost as little associated practically with lace-making as is Worstead with the woollen manufacture, or Axminster with that of carpets, or Stilton with that of cheeses. Then the Devonshire ladies came forward: lace-making became fashionable in elegant drawing-rooms; classes were formed for the teaching of the young idea; and a great impetus was given by the annual offer of prizes by the industrial section of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society. These combined efforts have resulted in an active resuscitation of a beautiful industry; and although the town of Honiton itself is no longer the centre, the lace now made and still bearing the famous old name is pronounced to be quite equal to the product of the palmy days of the past.

A paper professing to treat of old south-country industries would assuredly be incomplete without allusion to the mining of Devonshire and Cornwall; but as our object has been rather to bring forward old industries which are comparatively unfamiliar with the majority of readers, than to include in one comprehensive survey industries about which much is already known, we may dismiss Devon and Cornwall mining as we dismissed the familiar Kentish paper industry, in a very few words. Oldest of all our old industries these are. History takes us back at least two thousand three hundred years, inference adds another two thousand, and geological evidence carries it farther back still. Devonshire tin-mining has given way to copper; lead was worked in Devon by the Romans; iron was largely mined at a very remote period, but has since been hardly touched. To these, in order to show how naturally well adapted the balmy western county is for industrial development, may be added zinc, bismuth, antimony, cobalt, arsenic, manganese, gold in small and silver in considerable quantities. These remarks apply to Cornwall as to Devonshire; but it should be added that the mining industry of Cornwall is far more active and more widely spread than that of Devonshire. Two Cornish industries remain to be noted, the one very ancient, the other of quite recent origin. The former, that of fishing in general and of pilchard-fishing in particular, has come to be regarded as so essentially a county mainstay, that it heads the Cornish toast, taking precedence of even tin and copper.



The second and quite modern industry is that of supplying London and other large cities with flowers and vegetables out of the season. This Cornwall is enabled to do in annually increasing quantities owing to the mildness and moistness of her climate; but as yet, mining and fishing have so entirely absorbed the energies of the natives, that the new department can hardly be said to have yet made a fair start, although it has long been an important source of revenue to the neighbouring Scilly Isles.

## DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

### CHAPTER XLIV.—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

NEXT day, at the Orangers, Cyrus Vanrenen, with a little stifled sigh of regret, announced his intention of proceeding to Marseilles within forty-eight hours, *en route* for Amurrica, taking Sirena and Corona, in his own words, 'along with him' on his journey.

Psyche looked up as he spoke, with an astonished air. She liked Cyrus, and was grieved to think her happiness, as she imagined, should have brought about so sudden a determination on the young American's part. 'Why so soon, Mr Vanrenen?' she asked in surprise. 'You surely meant to stop here the rest of the season, didn't you?'

Cyrus hesitated for a few seconds. 'Well, when a man's ruined, you see,' he said, after a short pause, 'I guess it's about pretty nearly time for him to be moving off home to look about his business. In Amurrica, Miss Dumaresq, when an operator loses one fortune on a throw—why, he begins to think seriously in his own mind about piling up another.'

'Ruined!' Psyche exclaimed in the utmost dismay. 'Lost a fortune! Oh, Mr Vanrenen, you never told us!'

'Well, there,' Sirena put in, with a little deprecating waive of forgetfulness. 'I do declare! what a giddy girl I am! Why, Psyche, we've had such a lot to think about, last few days, if it hasn't completely slipped my memory to speak about Cyrus having dropped his fortune! He's had losses in business, home, you know—very serious losses. He'll have to go back to start things fresh; and Corona and I must go, too, to help poor mamma.'

Corona heaved a gentle sigh, regretfully. 'It's come at a most awkward moment, too,' she said. 'It would have been real nice, now, if Sirena and I could only have been bridesmaids—wouldn't it, Reeney?'

Psyche blushed crimson. As a matter of fact, so far as she had yet been officially informed, there was nobody's wedding just then in contemplation. But Sirena, paying no attention to her obvious embarrassment, continued placidly to debate that subject of perennial interest to women. 'So it would,' she echoed; 'and Corona and I'd have been real glad to be able to give you a proper sort of present. But that's all past now, unfortunately, till Cyrus can scrape up another little pile again. Corona and I had all our own money stuck, of course, on Cyrus's operations. It's just downright annoying, that's what I call it, at such a moment. I should have liked folks

in Cincinnati to see in the *Observer* I'd been acting bridesmaid at a regular aristocratic British wedding.'

'Couldn't you arrange it pretty soon, Sir Austen, so as Sirena and I might stop for the ceremony?' Corona continued, looking across the table candidly at Linnell, whose awkwardness almost equalled Psyche's own. 'You'll be married here before the Consul, of course; and Sirena and I would just love to assist at it. It'd be something to talk about when we got back to Amurrica.'

'Oh, don't, dear, please!' Psyche whispered in an agony of shame, squeezing Corona's arm hard with an expressive pressure. 'But it isn't really so serious as all that, Mr Vanrenen, is it? You've not had any very bad reverses, have you?'

'Well, not more serious than being left in the world with the cash I have in hand and the clothes I stand up in,' Cyrus answered good-humouredly. 'The trouble is, I don't see now how we're to get back at all, if we don't get back right off, as we are, before we've spent the last dollar in our pockets.—Much as I should like to risk my end cent in seeing Miss Dumaresq comfortably married, Sir Austen, I kind of feel there ain't the same chance for a man like me of making another here in Algiers that there is home in Cincinnati. Africa don't offer the same scope for an operator's enterprise as Amurrica, anyhow.'

That same afternoon, Geraldine Maitland came over to see them. It was not without regret that Cyrus led that very high-toned young lady to a secluded seat at the far end of the garden, for a last interview. Now that the moment had actually come for parting for ever, Cyrus was conscious in his own mind how great a strain that wrench would cost him. 'Miss Maitland,' he said, blurring it out like a schoolboy, 'I wanted to see you alone a bit before I went. I'm off by to-morrow's boat to Marseilles on my way to America.' He said America, and not Amurrica. Before Geraldine's face, he had schooled himself now with great difficulty to the slenderer and thinner Britannic pronunciation.

Geraldine started, and her eyes fell. 'To America!' she echoed, with obvious regret. 'Is it so serious as that, then? And we won't see you this side any more, Mr Vanrenen?'

'Well,' Cyrus answered candidly, 'not till I've made another pile, anyway. Things look bad, I don't deny. We're dead broke, my partner and I—that's where it is, Miss Maitland.' He drew a long breath. 'But I confess, though I don't so much mind the worry, I'm sorry to go just now,' he continued more earnestly. 'You see, the girls 'ud have dearly liked to stop a bit over here for Miss Dumaresq's wedding.'

Geraldine's eyes were fixed on the path, and her parasol described aimless arcs among the small gravel. 'I'm sorry too, Mr Vanrenen,' she said at last frankly.

'You are?' Cyrus cried, brightening up at her sympathy.

'Very,' Geraldine replied, drawing a larger and completer circle than any yet, and then dividing it into four quarters with a painful display of minute accuracy.

Cyrus gazed at her with undisguised admira-

tion. 'Why, that's real kind of you,' he said gratefully. 'You've been good to me most always, I'm sure, Miss Maitland, and you're good to me now, to the last, much more than I expected.'

'When *wasn't* I good to you?' Geraldine asked, turning round upon him half fiercely with flashing eyes. Cyrus was too afraid to look her straight in the face, or he might have seen that small beads of dew glistened with a tremulous moisture upon the lashes.

'Well, as I said before, it ain't any use crying for the moon,' he replied evasively, twirling his stick: 'but I did think once'— He broke off suddenly. 'Say, Miss Maitland,' he went on again, after a catch in his breath, on a new tack this time; 'do you know what I'll be sorriest to leave behind, when I go to-morrow, of all the people and things I've seen in Europe—or rather in Africa?'

'Yes,' Geraldine answered, with unexpected boldness; 'I know exactly.'

'Well, it'll cost me a wrench,' Cyrus said with manful resolution.

'Why make the wrench at all?' Geraldine murmured low; and then blushed bright red at her own audacity.

Cyrus glanced back at her, half puzzled, half overjoyed. She was making the running for him now and no mistake. 'Well, it can't be helped,' he mused on slowly. 'There's no way out of it. I've got to go. I've got to leave it, cost me what it will. I can't earn my living, don't you see, anywhere but in America.'

'I meant,' Geraldine said, uprooting a pebble with the parasol end, and egging it hard out of its nest sideways, 'why not take it, whatever it may be—along with you—to America?'

Cyrus glanced sharply round at her in almost speechless surprise. 'Well, I do admire at you, Miss Maitland!' he ejaculated, with a sudden burst of joy. 'But there must be some mistake somewhere. I haven't a cent now to keep a wife upon.'

Geraldine took his hand in hers spontaneously. Her genuine emotion excused the action. 'Mr Vaurenen,' she said softly, 'I don't care a pin for that. I like you dearly. I always liked you. I was always fond of you. I was always proud of the way you thought of me. But I wouldn't accept you—because of your money. I didn't want anybody to have it to say, as all the world would have said, that I'd set my cap at a rich American. So, in spite of mamma, I wouldn't take you. But that day, you remember, when the telegram came from your partner in America, and you behaved so beautifully and so heroically and all that—never thinking of yourself, but only of Psyche, and forgetting your own trouble so bravely in hers, and doing your best for Sirena and Corona—why, that day, I'm not ashamed to say it, I loved you, Cyrus. And I said to myself, if Cyrus asks me—for I always call you "Cyrus" in my own heart'—

The young man looked back into her face with shy delight. 'Miss Maitland,' he began—

But she checked him with a little imperious gesture.

'Geraldine, you mean,' she corrected pettishly.

'Well, then, Geraldine—if I dare,' the young

man repeated, all aglow with joy. 'I don't know how to take this honour upon me; and I don't know how to say I can't marry you. You make my heart go too hard to think. But it wants thinking out. A week or two ago, I'd have given thousands to hear it. But now, I haven't got thousands to give: I know I can't keep you as you're used: I can't keep you anyhow if it comes to that. Whatever I've got is all my creditors'. But never mind. I'm the proudest and happiest man alive in all Africa this minute, if you really mean to tell me you'd let me marry you. And if you'll stick to it, Geraldine—there, I don't feel I've got any right to call you so, you're always so high-toned—I'll go back home to America right away, and I'll work like a slave, day and night, till I've heaped another pile as big as the first to come again to Europe and offer you.'

Geraldine was holding his hand convulsively now. 'No, Cyrus,' she said shortly. 'That won't do, either. I don't want that. I want to go with you.'

'You can't,' Cyrus cried in a burst of despair. 'I'd cut off my right hand to make it possible, if I could: but there's no way out—Why, Geraldine, I'm most ashamed to say it even to you, but I wouldn't have the funds in hand to pay your passage across the water.'

Geraldine clung to him with a half-timid boldness. 'But I can't let you go,' she said, holding his hand tight. 'Cyrus, I love you. I'd never have married you then when you were rich. I'll work my fingers to the bone for you now you're poor. I'll live on anything we two can make. I'll starve, if you like. But I can't let you go alone. I *must* go with you.'

Cyrus soothed her hand between his own caressingly, and raised it with true Western chivalry to his lips. 'You shall,' he answered, making a bold wild shot. 'Geraldine, we'll manage it, if we have to go steerage. I never felt so proud in all my life before. I don't know where I'm standing when you tell me you love me.'

What further might have happened at that precise and critical moment, history trembles to say: had it not been that just as Cyrus dropped Geraldine's hand, and leant forward with some apparent intention of sealing his compact by more vigorous measures (which the present chronicler declines to mention), Sirena rushed up, all hot and breathless, and threw an envelope into his lap with a penitent air of sudden recollection. 'Say, Cy,' she cried, in a somewhat panting voice, 'I'm so sorry I forgot it. It's all my fault. I meant to have mailed it to meet you at Constantine; and I put it into an envelope for you just like you see it; but it came that day, you know, when Psyche was so ill; so I stuck it right there into my pocket without thinking; and from that moment to this I utterly forgot all about it. Just now on the tennis court I pulled out my handkerchief; and there the envelope dropped out, sure enough, after lying all that time in my pocket still, for I haven't worn this dress before since the morning it came; and I'm real sorry, but I hope the telegram ain't a very important one.'

Cyrus unfolded it and glanced at its contents in profound astonishment. As he read, he

whistled. 'It's from the old man, Sirena,' he murmured, amazed. 'Just look what he says. One can hardly believe it.'

Sirena took the paper and read it aloud: 'First wire premature. Jay Gould taken over affairs. The squeeze has burst. Ring operations liquidated at par. Fifth National Bank set up square on its legs again. Panic allayed. Business easy. The old house as solid and firm as ever. Hooray!—ESELSTEIN.'

'Why, what does it all mean?' Geraldine asked feebly, failing to take in the strange occidentalisms of the telegram all at once.

'It means, my dear, Cy's as rich a man as ever he was a month back,' Sirena answered, delighted, grasping at the full sense with Western quickness.—'And say, Corona,' as her sister and Psyche came up unexpectedly, 'ain't it just fine? We can stay after all to see Psyche married.'

Geraldine's face grew suddenly flushed. 'And so you're really rich again—Mr Vanrenen?' she murmured.

'Well, that don't tell against me, anyhow, does it?' Cyrus asked crest-fallen, with a somewhat anxious and half-regretful look.

'Not now,' Geraldine answered, a little faintly, though not without a tinge of disappointment in her voice. 'Only—I'd rather, you know, if it could have been managed, it had been the other way.'

Psyche looked across at her friend with a puzzled look. But Corona took in the true state of affairs at once with prompter womanly instinct. 'I guess, Sirena,' she observed philosophically, glancing quick from one blushing girl to the other, 'we two'll be bridesmaids at both these weddings.'

THE END.

## ON CARE OF THE HANDS.

No one need ever be ashamed of having pretty soft white Hands. Some people have an idea that they are a disgrace, being a sign that the individual who owns them is a useless member of society, shirking all the hard work of the world, and selfishly leaving the disagreeables of life to be taken up by others. It is not so, however. Some of the most useful and capable hands in England at the present moment are soft and white. It is quite possible for hands to do a good deal of hard work and yet be well kept and far from displeasing. The fact is that the condition of the hands depends quite as much upon their being properly cared for as upon the sort of work they do. 'Who sweeps a floor,' and goes about it in the right way, may make it properly clean, even though her hands are agreeable to touch and pleasant to kiss; and the said hands will not be permanently injured by the task, if only the sweeper will be at least as careful of them as she is of the carpet.

It is a proof that the bestowal upon them of a little pains does much to preserve hands in good condition, that there is a difference in the hands of men who tend furnaces in iron foundries. Perhaps there is no work of which we have any knowledge that is more likely to leave its mark than this. The coal-dust filling the

pores of the skin produces griminess and discoloration, not easily eradicated. Yet those who know say that the workmen who, when washing their hands after working, rub a little oil or glycerine into them while doing so, and dry them thoroughly and carefully, have hands much softer and less 'horny' than have those who take no precautions of the sort. If individuals who are thus unfavourably situated can improve their hands, surely ordinary folks might be encouraged to try what they can accomplish in the same direction.

Nor need reasonable and effectual care of the hands occupy an undue amount of time. There are people of course who think too much of this business. The 'manicure' in these days is quite a professional, and fashionable ladies will devote much money and many hours each week to the care of the hands, hours which ought to be more profitably employed. These experts have ivory instruments to push back the skin which adheres to the nails and hides the white crescent. They have leather and a powder wherewith to polish the nails, and files for sharpening and rounding them. They produce excellent results, without doubt. A hand scientifically cared for is often very beautiful; yet busy people would say that this particular whistle cost rather too much. Much simpler methods would satisfy busy persons, and for these only a few suggestions may here be given.

The first point requiring attention for the care of the hands is that they should not be allowed to remain dirty. Many avoid washing their hands frequently because they think washing makes the skin rough. Unnecessary washing certainly is not desirable; but if the hands are washed in tepid not hot water, dried perfectly with a soft cloth after washing, then dusted lightly with violet powder, they will be injured less than would be the case if they were left dirty. It is an excellent plan to wear gloves when possible during work. They save friction very much; and if the tips of the fingers are cut off, they do not impede progress. Vigorous workers often have a great scorn for workers in gloves, and quote against them the proverb that 'a cat in gloves catches no mice.' The scorn is misplaced; a hand is not rendered less capable by being guarded from injury.

An efficacious way of making hands soft is to rub them with glycerine while they are wet, after washing with warm water and soap. Glycerine, it should be remembered, is a valuable toilet accessory. There are very few hands so hard that they will not be rendered soft by rubbing glycerine in regularly every night for ten or twelve nights. When this is done, gloves must be worn, to prevent the bed-linen being made greasy. Some people find glycerine too heating; they say it makes the skin smart, and find it very irritating. Under these circumstances, oatmeal may be employed instead. Oatmeal will not answer quite so well as glycerine, but it will be very helpful. A writer in one of the medical journals, speaking on this subject not long ago, said: 'The best preparation for the hands at night is white-of-egg with a grain of alum dissolved in it. Quacks have a fancy name for this; but all can make it, and spread it over their hands, and the work is done. The Roman

Toilet Paste made by quacks is merely white-of-egg, barley-flour, and honey. They say this was used by the Romans in the olden time. Anyhow, it is a first-rate thing; yet it is sticky, and does not do the work any better than oatmeal. The roughest and hardest hands can be made soft and white in a month's time, and all the tools needed are a nail-brush, a bottle of ammonia, a box of powdered borax, and sand or lemon for the stains. A little ammonia or borax in the water you wash your hands in, and that water just lukewarm, will keep the hands clean and soft.

Next in importance to the softness of the hand is its whiteness. Glycerine, it should be understood, is valuable for softening the skin; it does not affect the colour; and it is much easier to make a hand soft than it is to make it white. Red hands are generally caused by imperfect circulation, and young girls frequently have red hands on this account. In order to make the hands white, therefore, the aim should be to improve the general health, to keep the extremities warm, and to avoid exposure. To let the hands get sun-burnt is a very certain way of spoiling their colour. For some days after the actual burn has died away, the hands which have been affected thereby retain a sort of dirty brown, which is not beautiful. To keep the hands white, therefore, gloves should invariably be worn in the open air; and according to Dr Buck, silk and woollen gloves are less valuable as a protection than kid. Yet even kid gloves do more harm than good if worn too tight.

An authority recently declared that to whiten and soften the hands, the following treatment is the best that can be recommended. Wash in tepid water always, and with a powder puff apply fine oatmeal. After washing, dry and rub the hands briskly. Use rather warmer water at night, and use a nail-brush all over the hands. When dry, apply almond paste, and sleep in easy-fitting gloves. To make the almond paste, take two ounces each of sweet and bitter almonds; pound in a mortar to a paste; mix with half an ounce of Windsor soap cut into fine shreds; add two drachms of spermaceti, half an ounce of oil of almonds, and twelve drops of oil of bergamot. Heat gently; add the essential oils last, and stir till cool.

The state of the nails has a great deal to do with the beauty of the hands. To cut nails with scissors thickens them. They should be filed, rounding them off at either side to follow the line of the finger and making them level with the edge of the fingers. If shorter than this, they would be ugly. It goes without saying that they should be kept scrupulously clean. Every morning after washing, and while the skin is still soft, the cuticle at the base and side of the nail should be pressed back gently with the hem of a soft towel. Rough treatment of this part of the skin will produce the disagreeable 'hang-nails,' which are a great annoyance when they occur. There are people who bite their nails. Those who have not patience to conquer the habit will not care to adopt the means necessary for making their hands pretty.

Chilblains on the hands, like redness of the hands and 'chaps,' are the sign of imperfect circulation. If the whole body, and especially

the hands, could be kept uniformly warm, chilblains would disappear; and the best way to cure them is to prevent them. The difficulty is that in cold weather the hands and feet, the parts chiefly affected by chilblains, are the parts most likely to be cold. The *Family Physician* says: 'Sufferers from chilblains should have plenty of good warm underclothing, and should not be afraid of wearing good big gloves lined with wool. Tight kid gloves are an abomination. They may be pretty to look at, and no one can help admiring a nice little hand; but they prevent the free circulation of the blood and make the fingers horribly cold. There is another thing: do not wear elastic bracelets or tight garters. If you want to get rid of your chilblains you must take plenty of outdoor exercise.'

There are many so-called cures for chilblains. One of the best is sulphur ointment, rubbed in two or three times a day, a glove being worn over the hand meanwhile. Another excellent remedy is made by thoroughly mixing equal quantities of capsicum lotion—made by soaking capsicum pods in spirits of wine—and dissolved gum, then painting the lotion upon tissue-paper two or three times. The paper may be used as court plaster.

Warts on the hands are very ugly excrescences, and there are as many remedies for them as there are for chilblains. One of the easiest of applications is strong acetic acid, to be dropped on gently with a little tube until the wart is almost saturated with it. The treatment is to be repeated for two or three days. Care must be taken to preserve the skin surrounding the wart from being touched with the acid, or it might be burnt. Many try to burn away warts with lunar caustic. After being thus treated the warts generally reappear.

## THE TROUBLE AT GREAT BUCEPHALUS.

BY HENRY TINSON.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

It can hardly be said that Great Bucephalus, an American frontier 'city' well known a generation back, was founded with greater pretensions and boasting than any other speculation of the kind, as nearly all such places are promised to do impossible things, and to realise unheard-of profits for all those who joined in the undertaking; but it went ahead pretty considerable smart in that connection, as some of the more astute critics had said, in reference to the scheme. Mining was to make its fortune, and so would trading with the farmers who sent in their produce to supply the miners; so the store-keepers, the hotel-keepers, and the cattle-dealers could not avoid making money—so it seemed—even if they wished to do so. And it was strange, or would have been strange but that the incident was common, to see how those who had already been deceived, or at least disappointed in similar ventures, were ready to believe in this new speculation, and eager to try their fortunes in it.

Among others, Mr George Eltran, an Englishman, had been early in the field, and had opened a store, managed principally by himself and his



wife; and so great was the rush—or 'boom,' as it is now the fashion to call it—while Great Bucephalus was developing, and the miners were prospecting, that the speculation appeared likely to realise a great deal even of the enormous success predicted. This was cheering to Eltran, who had had his share of heart-breaking struggles; but he was also delighted to think that here was now an opening for his best and oldest friend, Mr John Boytell, of London—'Jack Boytell,' to all who knew him. This friend was somewhat Eltran's junior; but they had been school-fellows, and Jack had married Eltran's sister, and was liked all round for his good-humour, his straightforward style of speech, and his unflinching cheerfulness of manner—all capital qualities; and, as just intimated, Boytell was much liked on account of them; but, unfortunately, even a cheerful and pleasant manner does not always of itself secure success in business, and Boytell had made more than one experiment which had ended in undoubted failure; his capital would not allow of many such trials, and as he had a wife and a couple of children, the outlook grew serious.

Eltran was delighted at being able to send his friend a letter containing a glowing account of the new city and its prospects, with a strong recommendation for him to try his fortune in the West, where, he somewhat rashly declared, such a man as Boytell was sure to make his fortune. This information and this invitation were specially welcome to his friend, who was really, as he owned, almost at the end of his tether; and Eltran soon received a letter in reply, heartily thanking him, and announcing the writer's intention of embarking almost immediately. Polly (Mr Boytell's wife) was, he averred, quite as much pleased as himself; and so was Agatha, Eltran's unmarried sister, who would accompany them.

But events move very quickly in such communities as Great Bucephalus, and of all speculations, mines are perhaps the least to be depended upon. Boytell's letter had only been received a day or two, and the glow of pleasure with which Eltran and his wife had learned his resolve had not died away, when suddenly and from all quarters the most ominous rumours sprung up; a general stampede from the mines was commonly spoken of, and it was certain that in some quarters the diggers—or, as was more often the case there, the gold-washers—were leaving their claims. Gold assuredly was to be found in the district, but so irregularly and in such limited quantities, that it was soon seen that for such a 'boom' as had taken place the enterprise was wholly hopeless. When once such a belief becomes current, the speculation which has gone up like the rocket, does indeed come down like its stick.

This disappointment would as a matter of course be sufficient to stamp the gold-fields and their dependent town as a failure; but even worse than mining losses was the rumour, only too well founded, that the Indians had broken from their reservation—had already committed, after their wont, some awful outrages, and had declared their intention of burning Great Bucephalus. That the savages had been goaded to these deeds and threats by a long period of

injustice, fraud, and ill usage, was undeniable; but this made it no better for the unfortunate residents who were likely to suffer; and, moreover, 'out West' nearly all the whites held that such treatment, even if carried to extermination, did not matter so long as it was only practised on Injuns. Retaliation was of course a very different, and a most brutal and barbarous affair.

Yet even in this community, some—a very few—were suspected of being in sympathy and even in confederacy with the tribes; and if this were proved, short work was likely to be made with the renegades. One notorious character, a 'desperado,' and what would elsewhere be called an outlaw, was Adobe—more commonly 'Doby Rube,' so called from his having worked some time at making the adobes or large unburnt bricks of the West and of Mexico; and this man was strongly suspected of treachery; but he lived a mile or two out, and rarely came into the town, where, in its early history, he had been engaged in two or three sanguinary broils—'shooting scrapes' would better render the vernacular of Great Bucephalus—thus, being seldom seen, and the district growing depleted, he had hitherto escaped the lynching of which he ran daily risk.

Eltran knew but little of the man, did not even know where he lived; but one afternoon, when he was driving home with his wife from a visit they had paid to a ranch a few miles out, a man came to the door of a miserable hut and hailed them. Eltran at once recognised Adobe Rube, and, reining up, asked him what he required. 'Seeing madam with you,' returned the outlaw, 'I thought mebbe she would look at my Minnie, who is sick.—It is no fever or small-pox, madam,' he continued, lifting his slouch-hat as he spoke, 'or I would not ask you to see her. She is a kind of weak and pining; perhaps she wants some wine; perhaps some doctor's stuff. You will be able to tell when you have seen her; and then I hope that even for the daughter of 'Doby Rube, a poor child who lives alone and solitary with her hunted father, you will send out what she needs.'

Eltran looked doubtfully at his wife, as though he expected to hear her express the strongest disapproval of this idea; but the lady met his glance with a very different one. 'Poor child!' she exclaimed. 'How dreadful for her to be suffering here alone, with only—'

She paused, and Adobe Rube, who had caught the words, smiled gravely, and said: 'With only such a father to nurse and look after her. It is true, madam, we are shunned by all; and so she suffers for my faults; but I have done my best.'

'I feel sure you have, Rube, and I will help the poor girl if I can,' returned Mrs Eltran, somewhat remorseful at having allowed the man to divine her thoughts; 'and if I can send her anything likely to do her good, she shall have it.' Saying this, she descended from the vehicle, and followed Rube into the hut. Eltran shook his head, but ventured upon no open protest against the proceeding.

After a short interval, during which he could distinctly hear the feeble voice of the sick child mingling with the others, his wife came to the door, and said: 'George! The poor little girl is sadly ill. She seems only weak and very low-spirited; but she is certainly pining away; and

if left here, she will die. I have told Rube we will drive her into the city, where she can have one of our rooms for a while; and with cheerfulness and society, she will get strong directly.—Spread out the buffalo robe so that she can lie upon it, for she is too weak to sit up.

'What! Take her to Bucephalus with us? Take her in *now*!' exclaimed the amazed husband. 'Don't you think it would be better to send her out some wine, and to ask Dr Prance to call; and then'—

'No, no!' cried his wife impatiently. 'The poor child will be dead while we are thinking of helping her; and she looks so pretty and speaks so mildly.—That will do nicely,' she added, as her husband, seeing there was no escape, adjusted the buffalo robe. 'Rube will bring her out.'

The father, concealed from Eltran by the shade of the low doorway, had been listening to this conversation, and watching the speakers with a painful interest. He drew back into the house, where Mrs Eltran followed him; and in a few minutes they returned, Rube carrying—much too light a burden—a girl of some ten years old, pretty in features, and with soft curling hair; but pretty as was her face, it was far too pinched and drawn for youth, and her blue eyes were too large and too eager.

The burly miner easily lifted the slight figure into the vehicle, bent over and kissed her face with some words of farewell and hope; then brushing something away from his eyes and clearing his throat, he drew a small leather bag from his pocket, and handing it to Eltran, said: 'There is not much there, squire—not more than an ounce and a half of dust. In better times it should have been doubled and trebled; but it will help to pay for my little Minnie's board and for the trouble to your helps.'

'No, Doby—not a cent!' cried Eltran. 'If we give your child a home for a while, we do not wish for any money return.—Do we, Kate?'

'No,' replied his wife, emphatically. 'We will not take money for anything we can do for the sickly girl; for any help we can render to'—

'To the innocent child who has no friends,' said Rube, with the same uncheery smile as before. 'Well, I will not press you. Your good deed shall stand by itself; and if ever the day should come when even such a man as 'Doby Rube can show that he is grateful.—Yet I must not keep you here, listening to my promises. Good-bye. I wish you the greatest prosperity; but I tell you straight I don't reckon that you will find it at Great Bucephalus.'

The strangers drove off with their charge, after this not too exhilarating farewell; and thus the only child of Adobe Rube, the hardened homicide, and—far worse in Western eyes—white Indian, came to be for a few weeks an inmate of the Eltran store; and a wonderful improvement in the girl was the immediate result. She improved in her looks so rapidly, and was such a gentle affectionate child, that those who had at first been disposed to censure the Eltrons for taking an interest in the daughter of such a scallywag as 'Doby Rube, not only surmounted their objections, but came to see the girl occasionally, nearly always bringing her little presents.

This short visit was probably the very happiest time which Minnie's life had yet seen; but she was removed too early, as the Eltrons judged, Rube expressing his regret for the change, which was, he said, from some reason unavoidable. He did not say what this reason was; but he was profuse, and apparently sincere, in his thanks to the kindly couple, and reiterated his assurances of repaying the good turn should it ever be in his power.

It seemed as though Eltran would need a good turn pretty soon from some quarter, as, while Minnie had been staying at his house, the state of affairs in and about Great Bucephalus had reached something like a crisis. The gold-fields were almost deserted; trade, as a matter of consequence, was almost extinct; while the reports from the Indians grew more terrible—were indeed growing worse day by day—and the calamities threatened appeared on the eve of accomplishment.

One of the first precautions taken by Eltran was to write, warning his friend Boytell not to come on at present, not, indeed, until he heard from Eltran again; for it was clear enough that the latter would have to seek another home, and that, for some time at least, Great Bucephalus would be no eligible abiding-place for such immigrants as John Boytell; and still less would it form a resting-place for the helpless women and children dependent upon him.

Eltran feared it was too late to write to England, as his friend had probably already sailed; but he wrote to the agents in New York upon whom Boytell would call, advising him to wait in that city a while. This was all he could do at the time; but he assured Boytell that he would not lose a moment in sending advice for his guidance as soon as he had decided for himself. It had now become too evident that a change would be necessary, as, apart from the ruin threatened by Indian hostility, the failure at the gold-fields had grown so complete that the trade of Great Bucephalus was hopelessly gone.

But even this latter disaster did not utterly dismay the residents, who were in many cases of roving habits, and looked upon the 'playing out' of the town as only adding one to their many removals. It was the dreaded storm of the savages' onslaught which appalled them; and it was out of all question for Eltran to allow his friend Boytell and family to run into such danger; so, awkward and expensive as a stay in New York would be, Eltran was heartily thankful that the alarm had been given early enough to enable him to send warning.

It was now reported that Ophirville, a new town some forty miles south, was the real centre of the gold-bearing districts, and would be the centre also of trade and enterprise. What was of equal importance just now, it was below the range of Indian fighting parties, who never sought to cross the boundary supplied by a long range of low hills. The savages did not claim the country beyond that division, and consequently allowed the dwellers therein to abide in peace. So, after obtaining the best accounts he could, Eltran made up his mind—'concluded,' as he had already learned to say—to start afresh there, and was soon busied in the necessary arrangements.

Yet even in the few days which were all that these preparations required, reports of the Indian outbreak increased in frequency and in terror. Some of them seemed almost too horrible to be true; but those who were old residents on the frontier had often had only too good reason for believing this class of report beyond all others.

One unpleasant incident, which fortunately, however, led to no special result, occurred in the city itself. A party of the leading citizens waited upon Eltran, and requested that he would give up to them Minnie Trant, the daughter of Reuben Trant, otherwise Adobe Rube. Eltran informed them that the child had been taken away by her father a few days before. The deputation were loth to believe this; and Eltran was obliged to swear that it was so and to call his wife in evidence ere they would credit him. They knew—and he knew as well—how the Vigilantes treated a broken or false oath. There was but one penalty—death.

'We are going to lynch that outlaw and desperado,' said the leader; 'we will so. We shall string him up whenever he is caught; but we don't bear no malice against this child, who shall be sent five hundred miles away, where she will never hear her father's name, and will soon forget all about him. Our visit here is out of no ill-will to you, Squire Eltran. This deputation admires the kindness shown by your wife and yourself to this poor little girl; and we regard you as real white citizens for sheltering and nursing her.'

This last phrase may have an odd sound to unaccustomed ears, especially as there had never been any question as to the 'white' blood of Mr and Mrs Eltran; but it was an often-used form of Western speech, and was intended to convey a compliment. The search for Adobe Rube was unavailing, and the store-keeper heard no more at that time of him or his child.

### THE GOVERNMENT LIGHT RAILWAYS IN IRELAND.

WORK is now vigorously proceeding in the south of Ireland on the Light Railways, designed and financed by the Imperial Government with a view of affording employment during their construction to the inhabitants of the districts traversed, no less than to benefit permanently the localities served by opening up cheap and rapid means of transit to and free communication with the outer world and its markets. In the present article we propose to place before our readers some brief account of two important lines in the extreme south-west of Ireland: the West Kerry, and the Kenmare and Headford Railways, both typical Irish lines, and though distinct undertakings, yet presenting many features of similarity. After succinctly following the route traversed by each line, and pointing out the more interesting facts in connection with them, we shall conclude our notice by some general remarks applicable to this class of engineering and the development of Southern Ireland.

The West Kerry line forms a branch of the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland, and is being constructed by that company under

subvention from the Imperial Government. The new line is twenty-seven miles in length, and traverses throughout its entire course a country singularly rich in natural beauty. Starting at Killorglin, the present terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway, a quiet market-town near the mouth of the river Larne, famous for salmon, the new line passes in a southwesterly direction until the Caragh River is skirted and crossed, in full view of the well-known Macgillicuddy Reeks, whose topmost summit, Carn-tual, attains to a height of over three thousand four hundred feet. The line now crosses the bogs, the special difficulties of which and the mode of overcoming the same are dealt with later on; and passing the river Behy, a rocky mountain torrent, winds around the forest-clad mountain which overhangs the river. Still continuing in a similar direction, the route passes along the face of Trunk Hill, a little above the public road, from which it is separated by a stout retaining wall. The scenery at this point is well worthy of some passing comment. The public road is cut in the side of the mountain, and far above tower its summits; while deep down below in sheer descent are the rocks and glistening waves of Dingle Bay, across which, on the opposite shore of the estuary, rise Mount Brandon and the undulating green-clad heights surrounding it, all soft in purple haze and fleecy banks of cloud. Before leaving Trunk Hill, two short tunnels occur, which are of special note only as being the sole ones throughout the route.

The next point of interest is the beautiful ravine of Gleeske, whose precipitous sides, thick with Scotch and silver fir, run sheer down into the blue waters of Dingle Bay. The railway crosses the head of the ravine, and thence winding along the valley, minor cuttings and banks alternating with each other, passes Kells, and running across Valentia River at a considerable angle, enters Caheriveen just below the imposing police barracks of that town, and about a mile from Charran House, a spot dear to every patriot in Ireland as the birthplace of Daniel O'Connell. The route now traversed skirts the left bank of the Valentia River, which gradually widens itself out into an estuary of the Atlantic until Reenard Point, the extremity of the mainland, and terminus of the West Kerry line, is reached, opposite Valentia Island, on the west coast of Kerry, and famous as the starting-point of the Atlantic Cable.

Valentia Island and its land-locked harbour form a fitting terminus to a line singularly rich in the beauty of its surroundings. The island, which is about six miles in length by two miles in breadth, containing over six thousand acres, is remarkable for the mildness of its climate, no less than for its natural beauty, and can hardly fail, when the new route is opened, to become a favourite resort of tourists, who at present are debarred by the inaccessibility of this remote spot from finding their way to it.

The whole district, indeed, traversed by the West Kerry Railway will without doubt become popular with travellers in search of new scenery so soon as the inherent beauties of the route become known; whilst to sportsmen, a country whose rivers teem with salmon and trout, and whose mountains and bogs afford

excellent rough shooting, the increased facilities to be given by the line now under consideration will be justly appreciated, no less than by the farmers and traders in the rural districts and towns, who will find a demand springing up for their produce, coupled with cheap means of transit for the same.

Passing on now to consider in outline the Kenmare and Headford Railway, situated also in Kerry, and likewise being constructed by the Great Southern and Western Railway Company of Ireland as an offshoot from their main system, we find work of very similar character, traversing a district hardly less remarkable for the grandeur of its surroundings. The Kenmare and Headford line is also being built under subvention from and by arrangement with the Imperial Government, and has a total length of nearly twenty miles. Starting from Kenmare, a town of about fourteen hundred inhabitants, and famous for the excellent salmon-fishing on the Blackwater, which falls into the bay some six miles below, the line takes a northerly direction, and with a rising gradient, crosses the Cleady River, and after several cuttings, the Caher River. The gradient now begins to descend, the line following very closely the natural level of the country, with small banks and cuttings rapidly alternating. This type of work is continued all the way until the parish of Kilgarvan is reached, and calls for no special remark, sundry minor streams and roads being met and crossed in the usual manner. The Fleck Valley, up which the line winds on its way to Headford, presents many points of remarkable mountain scenery. Public road and railway follow a very similar route beneath the gigantic crags which shut in the valley, and whose bold and rocky outlines form fitting theme for the lover of nature.

The line, as we have said, is laid out to follow the natural surface of the district as closely as possible, and this remark extends all the way through Crohane and Rosscaroonaloo until the river Fleck is reached and passed; the Loo River, a still deep stream, abounding in trout, and covered with water-lilies, having been previously crossed no less than six times. The line again follows a level course, and after crossing a stretch of bogland, passes over the Owenacree River, and then traversing some cuttings, finally, after a short horizontal length, forms connection with the Great Southern and Western Railway near Headford, in the parish of Aghadoe.

Having now, in brief outline, followed the route traversed by each of these two important undertakings, we pass to some consideration of the special features of interest common to both, and undoubtedly the crossing of the bogs deserves some special notice. The difficulties encountered by Stephenson in throwing a railway across Chat Moss are familiar to our readers, no less than the methods by which he overcame the treacherous bog. The execution of similar work, and the triumph over like obstacles at the present time in South Ireland, are worthy of some scant description.

A bog has an average depth of about twenty-five feet, and the peat composing it varies in colour according to the depth from whitish brown to a brown black not unlike coal, the brown or

red turf in the centre forming the best fuel. The first step in dealing with the bog is to drain it, a work occupying many months. Trenches are cut parallel to the railway; shorter cross-trenches being provided at intervals. All the trenches are carefully tended and gradually deepened, as the unwatering of the peat proceeds, resulting in a fall of surface of no less than five or six feet when the bog is dried. This accomplished, a layer of bushes, brushwood, &c. is laid down along the route, and covered with a dressing of stiff clay some two feet or more in thickness. On this bedding are laid the top ballast and sleepers supporting the rails, and thus the line is successfully floated over the bog. The crossing of bogs is work the engineer in the British Isles is not frequently called upon to undertake, hence the interest attaching to the foregoing examples of somewhat novel requirements.

Both undertakings are single lines throughout, and are constructed to the customary Irish gauge, five feet three inches, permitting free interchange of traffic with their parent system. The bridges, culverts, retaining walls, and cattle-passes are built either of concrete or of the stone quarried on the lines in forming cuttings, no brickwork being used. The fence-walls are formed mostly of turf, being built up from the sods cut from the ground traversed. These rapidly consolidate and grow green in the soft moist climate of Kerry, and form picturesque and pleasing boundaries. A stout post-and-wire fencing surmounts each bank.

Huts have been erected at intervals along the lines, with stores attached, for the accommodation of the men; whilst so difficult has it been found to house the staff, that the railway stations—neat structures of wood and iron—and the level-crossing cottages, have already been constructed, to provide quarters during the carrying out of the undertakings.

Work was commenced at the beginning of the current year, and has since been vigorously prosecuted at all points. The lines are throughout being constructed in the most solid and approved manner, and reflect credit on engineers and contractors alike.

#### WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

I LOVE the flowers whose softly-tinted faces  
By dusty road or hedgeside meet the gaze,  
Clothing with beauty Earth's unlovely places,  
Freshest and sweetest in Life's common ways.  
Their mission is so lofty, yet so lowly—  
Brightening the rugged paths of daily toil,  
Their lesson is so simple, yet so holy—  
Such gracious growths may spring from stony soil!  
Hands, labour worn, which have but little leisure,  
Pause in their work these untrained blooms to cull;  
World-weary hearts throb fast again with pleasure  
At sight of things so pure and beautiful.  
Through dust and mire their stainless petals glisten;  
They choose the world's waste ground to make it fair;  
And whisper in the ear that stoops to listen:  
'Sweetness and grace may flourish everywhere.'

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